

Lucile the Waitress

By Hild Dudley

"A" "IT'S A awful, kid, when people start to remarking about your physical appearance and telling you you ought to do this and that to get different?" asked Lucile, the waitress, of the newspaperman, as he took a seat at the lunch counter.

"What's up now?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing to make anybody jump any fences or nothing like that, but a man comes in here this morning and that proboscis habit of making personal remarks. He elevates his aristocratic being onto a stool and, when I arrive for his coffee, he gives me the once over and says supercilious-like: 'Why don't you diet a little?'"

"Now, you know and I know, kid, that it wasn't exactly a one-a-side question, coming from a man as unknown to you as Joseph and his Ark, but I didn't get any too mad. I just take a tall-boit onto my temper and even slip him a smile. 'Yea?' I says, with a pleasing rising inflection of the voice. 'Why don't you diet a little?'"

"You see, kid, you never can tell. Some of those fresh guys are good to their folks and often will stretch the family sediment to cover over a tip for the pleasing little person with the pie-bait. But this one says to me, frank-like: 'You're too fat.'"

"Now, listen, kid; they ain't anybody going to elect himself censor of my overabundant weight at all—get me? I am the master of my weight, and so when this guy gets point-blank rough I give him one look."

"I'm too fat, and you're worrying yourself to death about it, I suppose. Now, if I don't get this you will die of worry, eh? Is that it?"

"Nah, kid, he gets would-be humorous and tries to make me appear foolish. I merely was saying, he says, 'that you got too much fat. Now, if I was you I'd take more exercise.'"

"I saw my chance, kid. 'More exercise would do you some good, too,' I says. 'A little walk out of here and down the street might add to your constitution and make you a bit snappier in the so-called brain. How about it, Joseph?'"

"You're a talkative young person, ain't you?" he says. "All I was going to tell you was that you'd be prettier if you was thin. Now I got some anti-fat at home I might slip you. How 'bout it? What's the next move?"

"It's your anti, I says. You see, kid, it was a joke. I just couldn't resist handing it to him, because he was talking about my fatness and frivolity without being invited no more than nothing."

"Good joke!" he says. Then he begins to honey up. "Listen, girlie," he says, "what kind of a chance have I got with you?"

"Kid, I feel the fun fever coming over me again. What kind of chance? I repeat. 'You must have a fat chance.'"

"Honestly, kid, it did the work. He shut up like a Dutchman at an Irish picnic and pretty soon he leaves. Just before he goes he drops a card by his plate. It's the advertisement of a beauty parlor where they administrate anti-fat onto one. Funny, eh?"

"Well, I should say so," replied the newspaperman. "You wouldn't take anti-fat, would you?"

"I should say not!" replied Lucile. "But what you going to eat? Hurry up—I got to get away at three."

"Why?"

"Oh, I've got to take Lily, the tow-head, up to that anti-fat place. I think she's too plump. And you know me, kid! I always want to help my friends."

Scared Them Off.

THE lady from Great Littleton was talking to a friend who lived in Lesser Littleton.

"I've often wondered," she said presently, "why you all combined to get your minister changed. What had the old one done?"

The Lesser Littleton lady settled herself more easily in the chair.

"Oh, my dear, he was quite impossible!" she explained. "Why, he used to preach and talk about the responsibilities of marriage so much that

"S'MATTER, POP!"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER



FLOOEY AND AXEL



none of the unmarried men in the village had the courage to propose."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Listening to Good Purpose.

THERE is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. They are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert and give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farm. He said: "Who are you?"

The reply was: "Listening patrol, sir."

"What are your duties?"

"We listen for the hen cackling, and then we pinches the egg, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

The One Thing Lacking.

THE late Admiral Evans had a quick, bluff wit," said Surgeon General William C. Braisted, U. S. N.

"The admiral once was taken

through the Vanderbilt stables in New York. The stable manager showed him walls and floors of pale, translucent tiling, marble drinking troughs, managers of Circassian walnut, solid silver fittings, and so forth.

"Do you find anything lacking, admiral?" the manager said, proudly, at the end.

"Nothing," the admiral replied, "nothing except a leather upholstered sofa for each horse."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fortunate Hens.

A FAMILY that had only recently come into great wealth bought a huge country estate. One day at a reception the wife was telling of the new purchase. "It's all so interesting," she gushed. "We're to have our own cattle and horses and pigs and—"

"Oh, hens!" interrupted another guest. "And they'll lay fresh eggs for you!"

"Oh, no," said the wife, "the rather frigid response. 'Of course, our hens can work if they want to, but situated as we are it really won't be necessary.'—Everybody's Magazine.

The Dog Certainly Was Too Much of a "Mixer!"

By C. M. Payne



This Time Jake Couldn't Change His Mind!

By Bud Counihan



Axel Must Think He's Gonna Have a Private Car!

By Vic



THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

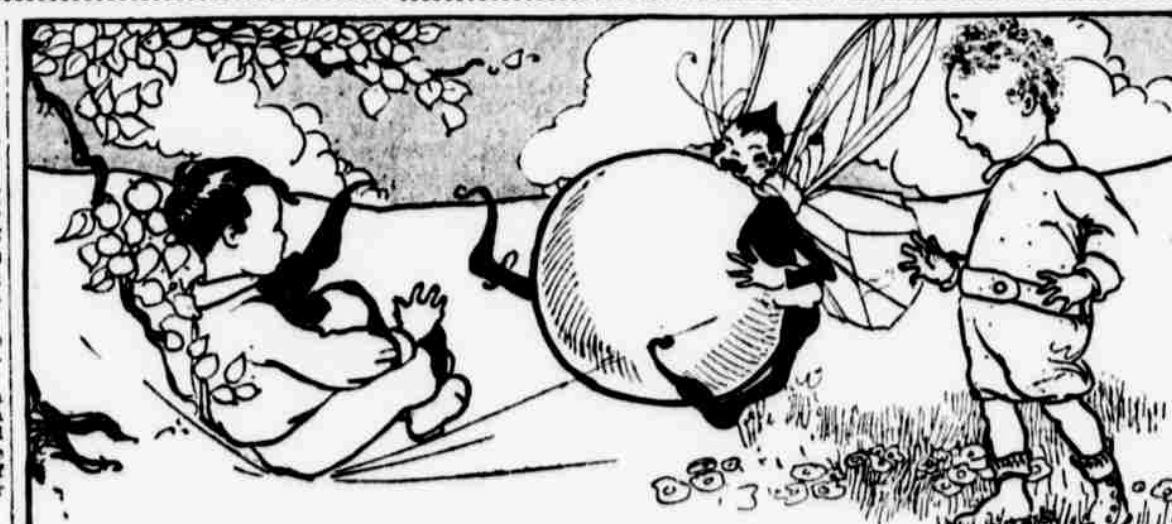
COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB KOLUMN."

MY DEAR KIDDIES: A great many nice stories which have been sent me by you are stories which you have read or heard and liked. Some of them I remember well, and remember liking too. But when sending such stories please write across the top of the first page "Not original," and, if you know it, give the name of the author. And when the story or poem is one written all by yourself, write "Original" atop the page.

As all my cousins know what a very dreadful thing it is to tell a falsehood about such a matter, I feel able to depend entirely upon the honor of each and every member of a club that stands, as ours does, for Truth, Love and Purity.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

P. S.—When sending stories address just the same as the drawings.



THE FAIRY LAUGHED UNTIL HE BLEW UP LIKE A GREEN BALLOON.

SLEEPYLAND STORIES

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Downy Dim Bragged Too Hard

and He Had a Great Fall

ON the day after his birthday Timmy went down the lane thinking what a big boy he was now, and he thought so hard that the first thing he knew he was in Sleepyland Forest. He heard a voice say, "Wake up, Timbo!" and he looked up and saw the King of the Woods smiling at him. Downy Dim and Pascal the Rascal were with him. Pascal said he was going to be very good and not get sent away any more.

They went along the path that goes deep in the woods and stopped at the crab-apple tree with the thick

HOW TO BECOME A KIDDIE KLUB MEMBER.

PIN COUPON NO. 25

Save six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation, like 25-26-27-28-29-30, send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state—

YOUR NAME.

YOUR AGE.

YOUR ADDRESS.

You must be careful to state these three things, as no application will be considered unless this information is COMPLETE.

If your note and coupons meet the above conditions, upon receipt of them we will mail you your pin and a certificate of membership.

Every kiddie who joins the klub will receive a gray silver colored pin like the one shown in this picture.

MAY PICTURE CONTEST—HONORABLE MENTION.

Class E, Julia M. Kass, Age 15, No. 86 Ackroyd Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.



WHEN YOU WERE A BOY By Jack Callahan.

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THE TIME YOU TURNED UP YOUR NOSE AT MOM'S HASH.

YOU DON'T LIKE IT, EH? SINCE WHEN DID ANYONE ASK YOU WHAT YOU LIKED?

MAYBE HE'S LOST HIS APPETITE. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HIM EAT IT MA.

HE WAS KICKING BECAUSE DINNER WASN'T READY A WHILE AGO.

MAYBE HE'D RATHER HAVE SOME CHARLIE RUSSES, OR SOME CHOCOLATE INKLARS!

GEE, IF I SAID THAT I'D GET A LUCKIN'!



THE KIDDIE KLUB'S JUNE PICTURE CONTEST.

Subject:—"How You Would Like to Spend Your Vacation."

The Evening World will give five one-dollar awards for pictures drawn this month by KIDDIE KLUB members only. One dollar each for the best picture drawn by a member not over seven years old, eight to nine years old, ten to eleven years old, twelve to thirteen years old, fourteen to fifteen years old, and sixteen to seventeen years old. Pictures must be received not later than June 30, and must illustrate the idea suggested above. Beneath your picture you must write your name, address, age and the number on your membership certificate. Address KIDDIE KLUB PICTURE CONTEST, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, N. Y. City.